

PYTHIAN PROGRESS IN TENN.

About thirty years ago a small band of earnest men came together in the city of Memphis and organized the first Pythian lodge in the state. I was known as Douglas Lodge No. 1, K. of P. Jurisdiction of the Supreme Lodge. From this small beginning the order has grown to its present magnitude—two hundred and fifty-three lodges on record.

The growth and development of the order during these years has been similar to that of other organizations, having a great underlying humanitarian principle; that is to say, it has had its period of reverses as well as its periods of success. Space will not allow us to mention all of the early lodges and the men who took part in the work from the beginning, but we shall mention a few.

Douglas Lodge No. 1 of Memphis has always been No. 1. There has never been a time since its organization that it has not been in good standing and at the head of the order in seniority.

Damon Lodge No. 2, of Nashville, was the outgrowth of the old Calanthe Lodge No. 2. For twenty-five years more this good lodge has stood firm in the ranks and has added many good men to the order in Nashville. After Damon came such magnificent lodges as Delphia Lodge No. 3 of Chattanooga, Magnolia Lodge No. 4 of Jackson, Hill City Lodge No. 5 of Chattanooga, Stringer Lodge No. 6 of Nashville, Toussaint Lodge No. 7 of Knoxville, Ivanhoe Lodge No. 8 of Nashville, Syracuse Lodge No. 9 of Chattanooga, Griffin Lodge No. 10 of Memphis, Tyne Lodge No. 11 of Nashville, Myrtle Lodge No. 12 of Chattanooga and Crispus Attucks Lodge No. 13 of Memphis. These thirteen lodges the entire fabric of our great institution in this state has been built. From these more than two hundred others have started. Once set in motion, a Pythian lodge always goes on. The rule is that Pythian lodges do not go down. We do not mean to say that there are not some few failures, but under ordinary circumstances, Pythian lodges thrive and become powers for good in their respective locations. For all this there is a reason. In the first place the order is built upon those broad humanitarian principles of friendship, charity and love. Then it offers more in the way of benefits than is possible for any insurance other than fraternal for a much smaller premium.

What It Costs.

The dues for one year amount to \$6.00. That is, 50c per month. The endowment is \$4.80 per year or \$1.20 per quarter. The per capita tax is 50c per year or 25c semi-annually. The supreme tax is 10c per year, to this there will be minor assessments for internal development, without which no order can succeed in the larger sense. Such assessments are not frequently made and when they do occur they are so small that the individual member is not burdened. Nor are the assessments continual. A small tax of two cents per month for two years for the benefit of the Uniform Rank is an example of such assessments.

During the great lawsuit not a single assessment was made in this state and the membership did not pay one extra penny to get the decision from the Supreme Court of the United States.

Now, what does the order propose to give for this nominal sum of \$11.40? During a brother's illness he receives not less than \$3.00 per week from his local lodge. In the event of death his widow receives \$300.00 from the endowment department and \$50.00 from the burial department as comes from the burial department as a burial benefit, really making the death benefit amount to \$350.00.

Aside from this he receives the care and comfort of loving members of his and other lodges. Fifteen years ago Tennessee assumed its own endowment. At that time there were only seven hundred and seventy (770) financial members in the state. The Supreme Lodge left endowment to the amount of \$1,200 to be paid. There was not one penny in the treasury with which to liquidate the debt, but that sturdy band of seven hundred and seventy loyal knights stood the test and succeeded in meet-

ing the obligation in a comparatively short time. Pioneers indeed were these men.

The first assessment in the endowment department was 75c per quarter. It remained at this figure for a long time. It was then raised to one dollar. Now, in order to meet the requirements of the insurance laws it is \$1.20 per quarter. This department is in excellent condition, even though the death rate has been heavy.

Another important and new department is the Burial Bureau. This department is unique from the fact that it is run without assessing the individual member. Ten cents per month for ten months is taken out of the dues and sent to the department. That is to say each lodge pays one dollar per year for each member on its roster. This is collected quarterly along with the endowment. Upon the death of a member a check for \$50.00 is sent to the local lodge as a burial benefit. During the past eighteen months the Uniform Rank has made rapid progress. Tennessee has a well drilled and well equipped regiment. Volunteer Company No. 5 of Nashville took first prize in Class D at the Supreme Encampment at St. Louis, Mo. The prize was \$150 in money and a U. S. flag valued at \$150.00.

At the grand session July, 1916, a resolution was passed by which a commission was appointed to secure property for Pythian Temple purposes. Today the Pythians of Tennessee are in possession of a splendid piece of property on the corner of Fourth avenue and Cedar street valued at \$25,000. The Grand Court of Calanthe is joint owner in this property. The lodges throughout the state are proud of this property and are making sacrifices to pay for the same.

At the last grand session a new office was created by the Grand Lodge, that of Field Deputy Grand Chancellor. Sir A. W. Fite of Nashville was elected to this new office. Up to the present time he has been no reason to regret this move on the part of the Grand Lodge. Several new lodges have been organized, many defunct lodges have been reinstated under the direction of this efficient officer. From every part of the state calls are coming in daily for his service.

What do the Pythians in Tennessee really own? This is a question that is often asked and seldom answered. The order is about thirty years old in this state. What has it to show for these years of toil? Roughly estimated they are worth more than \$75,000. They are in possession of a building for Temple purposes in Nashville valued at \$25,000. The old Pythian Temple on the corner of Fifth avenue and Capital avenue in Nashville valued at \$10,000. The resources of the endowment department are estimated at about \$27,000. They also have stock (paid) in the Pythian Center at Hot Springs, Arkansas, valued at \$10,000, and stock in the Pythian Temple property in Chicago worth \$6,000. This does not include property owned by the local lodges in the towns and cities in the state. We feel that this is not a poor report for an order just about thirty years old. The personnel of the order is something of which every Pythian should be proud. Some of the best citizens of the race are upon our roster. All classes of honest men belong to this lodge family of more than 12,000, from the day laborer to men of the highest professions, all gladly sharing the benefits of the institution on the same footing. In this order merit, from whatever source, wins. The men who are at the head of the Pythians in Tennessee are fully capable of carrying out the plans and purposes of the order. Men of affairs find ample time to make Pythianism known and felt in every community as an agency for good. We care for the sick and we bury the dead, but this is not all. The order takes a lively interest in the welfare of this great country of ours. The order Knights of Pythias in a Patriotic Order. We love our country and are ready and willing to give such men as Captain C. O. Hadley, of Stonevale Lodge No. 103; 1st Lieut. H. A. Cameron, of Stringer Lodge No. 6; Capt. H. H. Walker, of Damon Lodge No. 2; Lieut. Leach, of Damon Lodge No. 2; and Lieut. W. P. Rose, of Purity No. 42, and many others.

In every part of the state our men (Continued on page 3 section 3.)

CHRISTMAS—RETRO AND INTROSPECTION

And now has returned the season of rejoicings and festivity. When just for a day the cares of the world are forgot and abandoned; When stoic men and women who have sought the world's goods alone for their pleasures.

Turn kind-hearted and self-sacrificing into the abode of the poor, and the orphan.

With gifts of cheer and sweet comforting words to gladden Hearts that are sad and souls that are forlorn and downcast.

In memoriam of the Great Gift from our Father, the exalted Jehovah.

And thus do men and women of Christendom manifest, through the observance of this season, the true spirit of fellowship in Christ Jesus; and corroborates without hesitancy the fact that Christ is the Lord of our salvation. There is something beautiful about Christmas which renders the season more than a legendary occasion, or even a national holiday. And that something is the spirit obtaining at that time in the hearts of true men and true women. It is at once transparently self-evident—this true Yuletide spirit, if you like. And though it—the season—is often misconstrued, the spirit which actuates the joint celebration remains ever the same. Then is true love supreme. There is true love to the poor; and the meek and lowly things and beings become the most sublimely admirable. Why, then?

Christmas comes in the glory of humility, suffusing the hearts of men and women with a love not akin to the world, but a heavenly one. The day of self-sacrifice obtains; and our souls become meek, sympathetic and forgiving. No matter how base one may have been on previous days, Christmas is bound to appeal to him in an unearthly fashion—and he feels that the unloved days now passed are rendered leaven by the proper observance of this one day—not in form, but in spirit.

But the season would be sweeter and even of longer duration were not humanity so prone to seek after "things that are not;" were men to cease lust after riches, power and vain honors; were women more diligent in assuming their proper spheres

But now, let me retrospect. In the sublimity of this festive season there is an incomparable profundity of meaning—for you, for me, and for the world. For you and for me the sacredness of this season and purpose stands out pre-eminent as an eternal sermon weighty with divine admonition, as an object lesson and a pattern. For the world a stern rebuke in condemnation of its order of society, as contrary to the prevalent spirit of Christmas tide, and inconsistent with the order of its establishment in commemoration of a divine event such as was the birth of the Christ. That every one should "seek to save" another, and not to establish a golden Shusan for himself in whose palatial hall he sits abundant in a silken-cushioned chair. How inconspicuous and inconsistent! I take from among the many volumes of old school books the History of the United States. Its pages, still white, recite nothing that will remind me of Christmas tide, and yet, with the story of man's ineffectual attempts to render the judgments of God unjust and untenable; and establish a dismissed expediency in the form of human society and nationalized government.

Upon a rare winter and far-stained I read the account: "A Dutch man-of-war came and sold us 20 Negroes." This was the beginning, nor have we yet reached the end. I imagine what sort of Christmas these sons of tropic Africa had—twenty bondmen, far away from home and dear ones, but, as years rolled on, more than forty million were stolen from their

and torture to which he was subjected for more than two centuries. Thus, they confess their own inferiority, acknowledge their foolishness and proclaim their ignorance. No! I shouldn't wonder that the Negro is a beast!

And that's why I am writing of Christmas, too. My mind goes back; my spirit flies away back into the years of darkness. And I would that I could carry to those millions of brutalized African sons just a wee bit of Christmas cheer—just a glad tidings of great joy as I feel it today. I only wish that they could see today how bright Bethlehem's guiding star does shine. In their day, they could not see it; for it shineth not in heaven alone after the spirit has departed, but it shineth o'er all the world that flesh might be guided by its light and rejoice in its splendor. Thus, far-off, departed millions, your axes shall not scatter to the winds, nor shall your bones decay in the valleys unheeded of God. Christmas tells shall ring for you; and you shall awake and rejoice.

I leave the wilderness of retrospection and come up upon the highland of introspection. I am weary, but not forlorn; my feet are sore, but there is strength in my knees. I am determined and I cast about me, gazing o'er all the land which rises rugged as far as eye can see. I am thinking, and again I cast my weary eyes back into the wilderness of retrospection; and sickened my soul sinks into a wretched lethargy. But today is Christmas, I remember, and as the prophet Elijah, I take comfort in my loneliness, still aggrieved because of the sons of men and jealous of my God.

From the fair Neapolitan sea and the picturesque Venetian plains to the silent Rock of Gibraltar, that silent sentinel of the sea, and the aqueduct but of the Mexican outlaw, there is apprehension today. England, haughty Albion fair, trembles in her robes of gilded tulle. Germany, imperial Germany, pants in her palaces of gold and ivory. France, the various, the home of the great Marquis who sailed the seas that a democratic liberty might rear itself up in the splendor of a new and western world, stands expectant, sad, but fearless. America, Oh America, sweet America, beloved and adored! America of my fathers, O land of countless woes! She stands, sullen, but trembling. There's trouble in the mighty land. So fair yet yet face is not void of blenheim, you stand, with eyes that gaze even across azure seas, and gleaming in eager search for some sign that others have not yet seen, sullen and meditative.

"Tis Christmas, and I hear about the tocsin's resonant sound, the din of battle roar, the mournful of dying souls, and the walls of languished spirits who fall would cease now and forever more to clasp the pale breath of this dragon-strangled world. All this I view from these rugged heights of Introspection—and more!

Yea, I even look me far across and over steeples that once were clothed in living green, but now parched, the scorched char of a devil's war. Russia, Russia, Russia, RUSSIA! Ah, Russia is no more. A land—a desolate land, whose people, long tutored in the art of brutal murder, seek pleasure in the devil's favorite pastime. Who said that the Colosseum of Rome was the last death-pen of Christian martyrdom? Russia is now a scene of without doors or windows stands, yet stands not. The long corroded walls of her social fabric are giving away, and soon the house will be a heap of abhorrent debris. But—lo! 'tis Christ-

mas!

I come down. I sit me down by a hushless stream that goes babbling and indifferent to the woes and travail of the days. My eyes look down into the valley of Tabor, a hazy, less for me to say that my soul is sickened and my spirit faints away. Justice in the land of my birth has decayed. Truth lies prone yet struggling beneath Error's ponderous awkward feet.

In the South thousands of Africa's sable grandsons are held to the yoke of ignorance. To them is no attempt made to lift up and enlighten. Even among themselves, being pupils of such a school as the slaveholding South was, there is a sore lack of love and the true knowledge of the purposes of life. But I cannot excuse them upon this fact. For a man is not saved by the truths he is taught, but by the truth he exercises. Neither will he or me be condemned for the iniquities which we may be taught, but for the iniquities which we practice and love shall the wrath of a just God descend upon us. Therefore, let the Negro learn throughout the length and breadth of this land, that he shall not be excused for the evils he now perpetrates simply because a diabolical master or overseer taught them to him centuries ago, or perhaps, is teaching him today. For are not those our masters whom we serve, whose teachings we adhere to? How much greater is that bondage of the spirit than the bondage of the hands and posterior limbs! Hence, if the Negro continues evil, spiteful, avenging, murderous, blasphemous and ungodly today simply because he was taught so yesterday by the diabolical white man of the south, he is still a heinous man, and the freedom of his limbs make this present bondage more secure and prevailing.

Of course, the repressions, stigmatizations and felonious treatment which the Negro receives daily in the southland abridges the possibilities of the Negro in general as well as in particular. The restrictions placed upon the Negro in the free exercise of his national rights as a citizen and his social rights as a man, are almost suicidal in their effect. That is, they make conditions so incompatible with a life of liberty and happiness that death seems preferable, in many instances, to the present order of things. But, since when did a "nigger c'mit suicide?"

But despite all of this, there is very little room for excuses insofar as lack of co-operation on the part of Negroes among themselves is concerned. Co-operation is the cornerstone of racial solidarity and racial solidarity is the house of a unified and continual nationality which, as

(Continued on page 5.)

DR. P. CHARLES DOWNS OPENS OFFICE IN CHICAGO.

Dr. P. Chas. Downs, M. D., of the class of 1916, Meharry Medical College, who some time ago passed the Illinois State Board Examination with that same high average which characterized his excellent work in school, has recently succeeded in securing a very suitable and desirable location at 3454 Indiana Avenue, corner 35th street, where he has opened a suite of the best equipped and most modern furnished offices of its kind on the south side, and on account of the many friends and wide range of acquaintance he has made for himself in Chicago, Dr. Downs is meeting with unusual success in the practice of his profession.

Dr. Downs is a Christian young man of splendid culture, sober character and studious habits. We are sure that his kind success will be his. For while the competition here is exceedingly keen every man's chances are equal and he receives only that which he merits.

SPRINGFIELD.

The Social Service Club of the M. E. Church entertained the Y. M. C. A. at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Friday night, December 7. Although cold and annoying, the people came and and quite an enjoyable affair. Through the kindness of Miss Mattie Noel, strains of music from the Victrola were heard, which added much to the merriment. Mr. Cephas Taylor has returned to St. Louis. Eld. M. J. Freeman of Murfreesboro preached at the Holiness Church, Wednesday and Thursday nights. We are glad to notice the improved condition of little Bessie Banks, daughter of G. M. Banks, Dallas, Sweeney, one of the oldest subscribers of the Globe is ill. Dr. T. H. Bullard is seen quite often on the streets looking after his patients. M. C. Roberts killed his box Friday. Paul Henderson knocked him in the head and now both young men are enjoying sausage and cracklin bread. The Bradford High School Glee Club is practicing much for their concert which is to be given during the holidays. Mrs. J. L. Murray is in the lead. Miss Mabel Hemphill, County Supervisor, was in town Saturday on business. Mr. Hugh Mims, one of the members of the senior class of Bradford school is ill. Little Miss Clarine Pullum, daughter of Mrs. Ella Pullum entered school Monday. Mrs. Walter Maberry and Miss Clara Bell Counts were the guests of Miss Delora Jordan.

Sunday afternoon, Rev. J. H. Walters, filled his pulpit at St. John M. E. Church, Sunday at 11 o'clock. Subject, "The tree that sweetens." John Henderson the agent and reporter of the Globe in Springfield, is having a great sale of his papers. His number has increased from twenty (20) to fifty (50) papers in two weeks. If you want to be popular and get the Springfield news, you will have to "get the Globe." The Boy's Glee Club gave two selections at the Y. M. C. A. reception. The club is composed of eight young men, Hugh Mims and John Henderson, second tenor, Frank Bell and Virther Hynes, first tenor, Joe Eddie Parker and M. C. Roberts, baritone, Paul Henderson and Edw. G. Taylor, bass. Mrs. J. L. Murray is pianist and director. These young men are planning to do great work in Springfield the school year. The Y. M. C. A. President, Hugh Mims is planning to have some distinguished speakers for the boys soon.

Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1917. Dear Santa Claus:

I am a little girl three years old and I want you to bring me a little wagon to haul stove wood in, a pair of stockings, a cloak and plenty of good things to eat and some aprons and a cap. Don't forget mamma and papa, bring them something nice. I will go to bed early.

Your little girl,
CLARA GERTRUDE GENTRY.
P. S.—Don't forget my little sweet heart Louis Beale.

2411 Jefferson Street.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please don't forget me this Christmas, as I have been good and smart too. I think you may bring me a doll, horn, water colors, doll buggy, rain coat, hair ribbon, don't forget mother and father.

From your little
KATHRINE DODSON.

"CHUBBY MY SOLDIER BOY."

Jesse H. Ferguson.

The Immortal martyrdom of stalwart young lives is not to be the purpose of eternal time forever onward moving; but with it goes the eternal martyrdom of the young man tender womanhood who must stand, with dimmed eyes, and see their beloved go marching, marching, in uniformed phalanx, patriotic and with steady tread, to the beat, beat of the martial drum on to the fields that must reap lay out, though their life blood so freely and unselfishly given for a cause which in the human imagination is that a nation might live; that an idea, a thought or a sentimentally expressed move or less comprehensively in the lives of a people, may survive triumphant over other and antagonistic ideas as exemplified in the government of the people who are known as enemies.

So thought little Willmetta Warrgram, as she sat looking at the photo of the young stalwart in khaki. And more she thought; for she sought to grasp the full meaning of war and the whereunto. She thought nations at war—the why, the where, perhaps as war and I have thought, how vague is this substance which we call life—an essence for which every man strives, yet an immensity which men readily leave off for the sake—Oh, well, for the sake of things which at first are not comprehended and which forever thereafter remain an invisible, unattainable something only apparent to humanity, existing in a will-o-the-wisp fashion, elusive, and perchance, more delusive than elusive.

"Why do men go to war?" she thought about. Then from the invisible chamber of a great "somebody" she got her answer, as other people who have inquired ever so often into the intricacies of human existence in a vain attempt to solve its many unexplained and apparently unnecessary perplexities; and like them, she was quite satisfied with the reply of the oracle invisible, and rejoiced within herself that she lived in such a golden age of the world's civilization. Men might fight, she thought, but there was a righteous issue at stake; and she took great consolation, as the most of us do, in the thought that the cause for which her hero offering his life blood in sacrificial plentitude upon the altar of arms, was a just and a righteous cause, the triumph of which would bring to the world more peace and a greater security from demon rule and all the ills with which a demon is invested. So content was this thought that the possibility of her being in error in assuming the righteousness of the cause for which her hero had offered himself as a champion, that she even knelt down and prayed piteously for her enemy sister that she might be spared the anguish of those who sustain the wrong.

Willmetta Warrgram was one of those thoughtful girls who, rather than to borrow an idea will forego on a doubtful suggestion, rendering arguments contraverted unnecessary and unavailable. She was so much the champion of herself that her chums had given her the name of "Bill," and often referred to her as "our Bill." She was pretty, too, if you like. Her brown velvety skin and dark brown eyes were inspiring in the extreme. Her hair was not too long, but it was a jet black, and grew in luxuriant abundance on her small head, lending beauty and nobility to her whole being. And to supplement this was the prettily shaped reddish lips about which the smiles tarried, reluctant to depart. She was easily "the maiden of the hour" wherever her coveted presence was thrust. She was an eminent personage in society circles, and a critic to whose criticisms many eagerly listened with an almost obsequious approval. She was cool, deliberate and certain; and possessed of just enough of masculinity to be positive, steadfast, and to some extent, unemotional. She was not easily swayed or diverted. She liked to "stick," and stick she did whenever she had reached her conclusions. She possessed convictions of her own, and was never known to go about borrowing opinion of others who dwelt upon

(Continued on page 3 section 3.)

"JEWELRY"

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Christmas

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as true mothers, producing a race of pure and true men. Yes, even it would be a perpetual Christmas; and the world a garden of gladdening holly and a storehouse of gifts of love. It is the fallacy of humanity to abuse itself either deliberately or ignorantly. Forgetting that flesh is the partaker of the sufferings or the blessedness of flesh, humanity continues to heap up abuse upon itself until Christmas is not today what it was in the long ago, or even what it should be.

In the blindness of humanity (that is, the flesh), we go on to unreasonable thoughts, actions and ends. Christmas has not served to curtail the lusts of men except, perhaps, for but one day. Christmas has not served to render pure the motives of our lives as we seek to live them except, perhaps, for but one day. Aye, Christmas is a Day. Christmas is only one day—one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five, but different and apart, inasmuch as we are willing to consider for twenty-four hours, the wants and needs of the importunate brothers and sisters about us—but no more. How many are happy this Christmas day? Perhaps I am. Perhaps you are. Perhaps even you and I are happy. There are thousands of happy souls today, but there are many more thousands even as unhappy as the happy souls are happy. Some remember 'tis Christmas. Some know nothing of Christmas. To the latter life must indeed be a rigorous monotony—a mere surf existence, with yearnings for rest and nihilism in the bosom of the wave. To them indeed, the agnostic is a true prophet; and in the mesh of infidelity they entangle themselves to destruction. But are they responsible? Who are the responsible? To? I say is Christmas. You know it. I know it. But the others? There shall be no plea to those who are not willing that the Christmas spirit—a sacrificial love—should pervade. There shall not be one request of them that they remember, heartily, the day of love—the day of days. It is they who have made the world what it is today. It is they who, through the long centuries, have sought to enslave and enslave the spirit of man to the transient and ungodly. Reprobate deceivers they. For them there shall be no Christmas, for them no Yuletide minstrelsy.

Through a process inhumane and of which only Satan himself could have been the author, Africa's sable sons were rendered lower than beasts. Oh, for the wretchedness! By being brought in contact with the most abandoned men on earth, every vestige of morality was exterminated; all industry was destroyed; polygamy was set up and encouraged, and the most unbridled pollution and licentiousness the world has ever known became the order of the day among them. More than this, it destroyed them mentally, banished society, made happiness and liberty insecure, and rendered them a promiscuous horde of dwarf-minded human forms, disciples of sin and beastliness. What was Christmas then?

Shufeldt and other writers of his ilk tell me that the Negro is a beast. I will not dispute them for once, for I cannot see how the poor black man could be anything else, remembering to what means the vilified, Satanic men of the South resorted to recast him in the mold of a beast. Unfortunately, the black man's fate was not in the hands of the few good people of the South, and their protestations and supplications were of no avail in the face of a multitude of worse than beastly men who ruled according to their own devilish caprices. But, poor Shufeldt et al., I feel sorry for them. For, in condemning the Negro for his beastly tendencies they have but confessed to the world the damnable ungenerosity of that set of Southerners who made the Negro's helplessness and humility an excuse for the abuse

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